

THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the *Month of April*, 1700.

The Second Volume.

PART VI.



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THE LONDON SPY.



Deeper Concern hath scarce been known, to affect in general the Minds of Grateful and Ingenious Men, than the Melancholy surprize of the Worthy Mr. *Dryden's* Death hath occasion'd thro' the whole Town, as well as all other Parts of the Kingdom, where any Persons of either Wit or Learning have taken up their residence; wheresoever his incomparable Writings have been scatter'd by the Hands of Travellers into Foreign Nations, the loss of so great a Man must needs be Lamented amongst their Bards and Rabbies; and 'tis reasonable to believe the commendable Industry of Translators has been such, to render several of his most accurate Performances into their own Language, that their Native Countrey might receive the Benefit, and themselves the Reputation of so Laudable an Undertaking: And how far the Wings of Merit have convey'd the pleasing Fruits of his exuberant Fancy, is a difficult Conjecture; considering what a continual correspondence our Nation has with most parts of the Universe. But it is reasonable to believe all Christian Kingdoms and Colonies, at least, have been as much the better for his Labours, as the World is the worse for the Loss of him; those who were his Enemies, while he was Living (for no Man lives without) his Death has now made such Friends to his Memory, that they acknowledge they cannot but in Justice give him this Character, that he was one of the greatest Schollars, the most Correct Dramatick Poet, and the best Writer of Heroick Verse, that any Age has produc'd in *England*; and yet, to verify the old Proverb, *That Poets, like Prophets, have little Honour in their own Countreys*, notwithstanding his Merit hath justly Intit'led his Corps to the most Magnificent and Solemn Interment the Beneficence of the greatest Spirits could bestow upon him; yet it is credibly reported the ingratitude of the Age is such, they had like to have let him pass in private to the Grave, without those Funeral Obsequies suitable to his Greatness, had it not been for
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that true *Brittish* Worthy, who meeting the Venerable Remains of the neglected Bard passing silently in a Coach unregarded to his last Home, ordered the Corps, by the Consent of his few Friends that attended him, to be respited from so obscure an Interment; and most generously undertook at his own Expence, to revive his Worth in the Minds of a forgetful People, by bestowing on his Peaceful Dust a Solemnial Funeral answerable to his Merit; which Memorable Action alone, will Eternalize his Fame with the greatest *Heroe's*; and add that Lustre to his Nobility, which time can never Tarnish, but will Shine with equal Glory in all Ages, and in the very Teeth of Envy bid defiance to Oblivion. The Management of the Funeral was left to Mr. *Russel*, pursuant to the Directions of that Honourable Great Man, concern'd chiefly in the Pious Undertaking.

The first Honour done to his deserving Reliques, was Lodging 'em in Physicians Colledge; from whence they were appointed to take their last Remove; the constituted day for the Celebration of that Final Office which Living *Heroe's* perform in respect to a Dead Worthy, was *Monday* the 13th of *May*, in the afternoon: At which time, according to the Notice given, most of the Nobility and Gentry now in Town, assembled themselves together at the Noble Edifice aforesaid, in order to Honour the Corps with their Personal Attendance. When the Company were met, a Performance of Grave Musick, adapted to the Solemn occasion, was Communicated to the Ears of the Company by the Hands of the best Masters in *England*; whose Artful Touches on their soft Instruments, diffused such Harmonious Influence amongst the attentive Auditors, that the most Heroick Spirits in the whole Assembly were unable to resist the Passionate force of each dissolving Strain, but melted in to Tears for the loss of so Elegant and Sweet a Ravisher of Humane Minds; and notwithstanding their undaunted Bravery, which had oft Scorn'd Death in the Field, yet now by Musick's Enchantment at the Funeral of so great a Poet, were soften'd beneath their own Natures, into a Serious Reflection of Mortality.

When this part of the Solemnity was ended, the famous Doctor *G-th* ascended the Pulpit, where the Physicians make their Lectures, and deliver'd, according to the *Roman* Custom, a Funeral Oration in *Latin* on his Deceased Friend; which he perform'd with the great Approbation and Applause of all such Gentlemen that heard him, and were true Judges of the matter: Most Rhetorically setting forth those Elogies and Encomiums which no Poet hitherto, but the Great *Dryden*, could ever truly deserve. When these Rites were over in the Colledge, the Corps, by Bearers for that purpose, was Handed into the Hearse, being adorn'd with Plumes of Black Feathers, and the sides hung round with the Escutcheon of his Ancestors, mix'd with that of his Lady's; the Hearse drawn by six stately *Flanders*-Horses; every thing set off with the most useful Ornaments to move regard and affect the Memories of the Numberless Spectators, as a means to Encourage ev'ry Sprightly Genius to Attempt something in their Lives, that may once render their Dust Worthy of so Publick a Veneration. All things being put in due order, for
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their Movement, they began their Solemn Procession towards *Westminster-Abby*, after the following manner.

The two Beadles of the Colledge in Mourning Cloaks and Hat-bands, with the Heads of their Staffs wrapt up in Black Crape Scarffs, followed by several other servile Mourners, whose business was to prepare the way that the Hearse might pass less liable to interruption; next to these mov'd a Concert of *Hoitboys* and *Trumpets*, Playing and Sounding together a Melancholly Funeral March, undoubtedly Compos'd for that particular Occasion; (after these, the Undertaker with his Hat off, Dancing thro' the Dirt, like a Bear after a Bagpipe. I beg the Readers Pardon for foisting in a Jest in so improper a Place, but as he walk'd by himself within a Parenthesis, so I have here plac'd him, and hope none will be offended) then came on the Hearse, as before Describ'd, most Honourably attended with abundance of Quality in their Coaches and six Horses, that it may be justly reported to Posterity, No Ambassador from the greatest Emperour in the Universe, sent over with the most Welcome Embassy to the Throne of *England*, ever made his Publick Entry to the Court, with half that Honour as the Corps of the Great *Dryden* did in its last *Exit* to the Grave. In this order the Nobility and Gentry attended the Hearse to *Westminster-Abby*, where the Quire, assisted with the best Masters in *England*, Sung his *Epicidium* and the last Funeral Rites being perform'd by one of the Prebends; he was honourably interr'd between *Chaucer* and *Cowley*; where, according to report, will be Erected a very stately *Monument*, at the expence of some of the Nobility, in order to recommend his Fame, and preserve his Memory, to all succeeding Ages.

The Cause of his Death being very remarkable, it will not be improper in this place to take notice of it, as a means to put the World in mind of what slender Accidents are sufficient to change the State of Man, and hurry him into the Dark Somewhere of Eternity: The occasion of his Sickness, was a Lameness in one of his Feet, springing from so trivial a cause as the Flesh growing over one of his Toe-nails; which being neglected, begot a soreness, and brought an inflammation into his Toe, and being a Man of a gross body, a flux of humours falling into the part, made it very troublesome, that he was forc'd to put himself into the Hands of an able Surgeon; who foreseeing the Danger of a Mortification, advised him to part with the Toe afflicted, as the best means to prevent the ill consequence likely to ensue; which he refus'd to consent to, believing a Cure might be effected by less severe means than the Loss of a Member; till at last his whole Leg Gangreen'd, which was presently follow'd by a Mortification, so that nothing remain'd to prevent Death, but an Amputation of the Member thus putrified; which he refused to consent to, saying, He was an old Man, and had not long to Live by the Course of Nature; and therefore did not care to part with one Limb, at such an Age, to preserve an uncomfortable Life to the rest; and therefore chose rather to submit to Death, which in a little time after, according to the foresight of his Surgeons and Physicians, did unavoidably happen. Having thus given the Reader the manner of his Death, as well as the order

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of his Funeral, I could not withhold my Muse from presuming to attempt an *Elegy* or *Funeral-Song*, in respect to the memory of so Worthy an Author, whose Name and Works will out-live Time, and stand up with Eternity.

To the Pious Memory of the most Sublime and Accurate Mr. John Dryden.

TO those Blest unknown distant Regions, where
Great Pindar, Homer, and sweet Virgil Live,
The Immortal DRYDEN's fled, and justly there,
His Nervous Poems does with theirs compare,
Whilst more discerning Gods to Him the Laurel give.

May Envy let His Dust in Quiet Sleep;
And Fame Eternal in his Volumes dwell;
Whilst Chaucer's Sacred Tomb his Ashes keep,
Ages shall o'er his Golden Writings Weep;
And thus the melting Force of his strong Lines shall feel.

Great was his Learning, and Sublime his Thoughts,
Powerful his Numbers, Matchless was his Wit;
Num'rous his Excellencies, few his Faults;
And those he plac'd as Foiles and Beauty-Spots,
To give more sprightly Lustre to the Lines he Writ.

His Soul was sure some God wrap'd up in Clay,
From Heaven descended, to Inform Mankind;
Whose mighty Genius did no Time delay;
But most Industiously Improv'd each day,
To shew the World the Beauties of his fruitful Mind.

No Ancient Muse, in Greece or Room e'er bred,
Could Sweeter, or more God-like Strains impart;
The Heav'nly Soul's unborn that can Exceed,
Those soft Enchantments in his Verse we Read;
Where we find Nature heighten'd with the purest Art.

Envious Competitors, the worst of Foes,
His Pen hath Conquer'd, that they can't but own
He so excell'd in Poetry and Prose,
That each great Task indisputably shows,
None was like him inspir'd, his Equal's yet unknown.

The chiefest Glory of his Native Land,
Whose Soul such large Angellick Gifts possess,
'Twas hard to think that any Humane Hand,
Could such Bold Stroaks, such Lofty Flights command;
Yet harder to determine what he Writ was best.

Satyr and Praise flow'd Equal from his Pen,
 Dramatick Rules, no Shakepear better knew;
 The Stately Epick and the Lyrick strain,
 In each he had so excellent a Vein,
 That from the best of Judges admiration drew.

Great King of Verse, whose Merit rais'd thee high;
 And won thy Brows fresh Lawrel Crowns each Day;
 Thy works immortal are, and cannot dye;
 Why not thy self exempt from Fate, O why;
 Unless the World's unworthy of thy longer stay?

Or was it 'cause thy Soul was so Divine,
 The Barren Earth could not her Fruits reward;
 Or that the Power and Beauty of each Line,
 Made thee, the Author, like a Deity Shine,
 And that the Gods foresaw, like them, should'st be ador'd?

Or did the Sights of an ingrateful Age,
 Hasten th' aspiring Soul to take its Flight;
 And leave this worthless sublunary Stage,
 Where Pride and Lust does Mortal Minds engage,
 And keep the Giddy World from doing Merit right.

What call'd thee hence, or whither thou wilt soar,
 None but Eternity it self can tell,
 We know for Mankind thou canst do no more,
 But Heaven for thee has its best Joys in store,
 To recompence those Tasks thou hast perform'd so well.

Let ev'ry Pen more worthy of the Theme,
 Thy Elegy or Epicedium Sing,
 The Mournful Verse may equal the Esteem,
 The Learn'd and Witty shou'd express for them,
 Who did to Humane Knowledge such Improvements bring.

Great Soul! No Pen less Powerful than thy own,
 Can thy deserv'd Immortal Praise set forth,
 Which Time will magnify now thou art gone,
 As ev'ry Age successively comes on;
 And to Mankind discover by degrees thy Worth.

Could Dust be sensible within the Grave,
 How Joyful would thy Peaceful Neighbours be,
 Such Venerable Company to have,
 Whose meritorious Works will surely save
 Thy Mem'ry from decay to all Eternitie!

Chaucer and Cowley, gladly would Receive
 Thy Frozen Clay, into their silent Tomb;
 Desiring their Applause with yours might Live,
 In hopes your Fame, Eternity might give
 To theirs, and that your Laurels might together Bloom.

Since Fate, to Wisemens Grief hath call'd thee hence:
 It justly in thy Absence may be said,
 No Grecian Bard e'er show'd such Excellence;
 None has so well bestow'd such Reams of Sence,
 As the Great Dryden hath; but now alas, he's Dead.

For such an Universal Loss sustain'd,
 May the like Sorrow thro' the World be shown;
 Let ev'ry thing in Nature be Constrain'd
 To Weep; let full-charg'd Clouds assistance lend,
 And Flaming Orbs above their Fiery Tears drop down.

I shall now return to *Chancery-Lane-end*, where I stood to see the Funeral pass by, observing there some Passages of *Hackney-Coachmen* and the *Mob*, worth delivering to the Reader. The great Number of Qualities Coaches that attended the Hearse, so put the *Hackney Whore-drivers* out of their Biass, that against the *Kings-head-Tavern* there happen'd a great stop, occasion'd by a Train of Coaches which had block'd up the narrow end of the Lane, obstructed by an intangled number of moveable Bawdy-houses, who waited to turn up the same narrow Gulph, the others wanted to go out of; some with their Poles run into the Windows of anothers Coach, wherein sat *Band* and *Whore*, or *Mother* and *Daughter* squeaking out for the Lords sake, that some merciful Good Man would come in to their assistance.

One Impudent Corrector of Jades Flesh, had run his Pole against the back Leather of a forgoing Coach, to the great dammage of a *Beau's* Reins, who peeping out at the Coach-Door, with at least a fifty Ounce Wig on, Swore Damn him, if he came out he would make as great a Slaughter amongst *Hackney Rogues* with his Sword, as ever *Sampson* did amongst the *Philistines* with the Jaw Bone of an Ass. Whilst he was thus Cursing and Swearing like an old Sinner in a fit of the Gout, his own Coachman flinging back the Thong of his Whip in striking at his Horses, gave him such a Cut over the Nose, that he Jirk'd in his Head as if he had been Shot, not knowing from whence the blow came, that he sat raving within his Leathern Territories, like a mad Gentleman Chain'd down to his Seat, in order to be carry'd to the famous Doctor *N—ns* to be Cur'd, not daring to look out, for fear after the like manner he should a second time pay for his peeping. The Coachmen all the while saluting one another with such Diabolical Titles, and confounding one another with such bitter Execrations, as if every one was striving which should go to the Devil first: attacking each other
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with such a Volley of Oaths, that if a parcel of Informers had stood by as Witnesses to their Prophaneness, and would have taken the advantage, there would scarce have been one among't 'em but what had Swore out his Coach and Horses in half the Time of the Disorder. At last, by sundry Stratagems, Painful Industry, and the great Expence of Whip-Cord, they gave one another way; and then with their Hey-ups, and ill-Natur'd Cuts upon their Horses, they made such a ratling over the Stones, that had I been in St. Sepulchers Belfrey upon an Execution-Day, when the Prisoners Bell Rings out, I could not have had a more ungratefull Noise in my Head, than arose from their Lumbring Conveyancies.

No sooner had these dispers'd themselves towards the several Places they were bound to by their Fairs, but one of the Prize-Fighting Gladiators, from *Dorset-Garden-Theatre*, where he had been exercising the several Weapons of Defence, with his bold Challenger, upon a clear Stage, without Favour, was Conducted by in Triumph, with a couple of Drums to Proclaim his Victory, attended with such a parcel of Scarified Ruffains, whose Faces seem'd to be as full of Cuts as a Plow'd Field is of Furrows, some their Countenances chop'd into the form of a *Good-Friday* Bun, with Cuts cross one another, as if they were mark'd out for Christian Champions: Others having as many Scars in their *Bear-Garden* Physiognomies, as there are marks in a Chandlers Cheese Scor'd out into Pennyworths. These hem'd in with such a cluster of Journeymen Shooemakers, Weavers and Taylors, that no Bailiff from an Inns-of-Court Bog-House, or Pickpocket carrying to be Pump'd, could have been Honour'd with a greater Rabble of Attendance. Tho' this, the Victorious Combatant, came off with Flying, yet 'twas with Bloody Colours; for by report of the Mob, like a true hardy Cock, he won the Day after he had lost an Eye in the Battle. They maul'd one another stoutly, to the great Honour of themselves; and Fought out all the Weapons, to the great satisfaction of the Spectators. I think it will not be amiss, if in this Place I present the Reader with a Character of a Prize-Fighter, it being properly enough introduced; I have therefore thought fit to put it into Lyrick Verse as follows.

*Bred up in th' Fields near Lincolns-Inn,
Where Vinegar Reigns Master;
The forward Youth does there begin,
A Broken-Head to Lose or Win,
For Shouts, or for a Plaister.*

*For North, or West, he does Contend,
Sometimes his Honour Loses,
Next Night his Credit is regain'd,
Thus Fights till harden'd in the End,
To Bloody Cuts and Bruises.*

*When at his Weapon grown expert,
By Bangs and rough Instruction,
To make a Tryal of his Heart,
At Sharps he does himself exert,
And Dallies with Destruction.*

*Proud of his Courage and his Skill,
No Champion can out Brave-him,
He dares to Fight, yet Scorns to Kill,
He Guards so Well, and Lives so Ill,
That few know where to have him.*

*He Glories in his Wounds and Scars,
Like any Flanders Soldier,
And as one Talks of Forreign Wars,
The t'other Boasts of Hockly Jars,
Wherein no Man was bolder.*

*He Fought before some Duke or Lord,
With hardy Tom the Weaver;
And Cut him off the Stage at Sword;
The Duke his Manhood to reward,
Presented him a Beaver.*

*With Lies he tells his Bloody Feats,
And Bounces like a Bully;
Tho' all his Prizes were but Cheats,
Yet when he with a Coward meets,
He knows he has a Cully.*

*Thus hacks in Jest, and finds at best,
But little Money coming;
And when his Youthful Days are past,
His only refuge is at last,
To follow Theft, or Bumming.*

The Town having receiv'd Notice by an Advertisement in the *Post-Boy*, of a great Cause to be try'd on the following *Wednesday*, at the Kings-Bench-Bar at *Guild-Hall*, between one of *St. Hugh's* false Prophets, who can foretell more in an Hour than will prove true in an Age, *Plaintiff*; and another famous Student in the *Coelestial* Sciences, most highly Learn'd in the Language of the Stars, *Defendant*; the former having *Secundum Artem*, pursuant to the Old Custome of Almanack-makers, most closely attack'd the latter, about several profound Points in the Mystery of Astrology, in which many Fools put more Faith, than they do in the Twelve Articles; and Wisely knowing a Volley of Scurility, where Scoundrells are to Judge of the Battel, would do no more Execution
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against a rising Competitor, and wound the Reputation of such an Adversary far deeper than the dint of Argument, drawn from the Rules of Art, assisted by sound reason; thought it therefore his safest Method to stuff his Almanack as full of hard Calumny and Ill-words, as the Art is full of Fallacy and Lying ones, accordingly began the Quarrel in Publick, in as pretty sweet obliging Language as ever *Billings-gate* Termagant bestow'd in Anger, upon a provoking Sister in the Turbulent Times of *Herrings*, *Sprats*, or *Maycril*-Season, as if Sense and Manners were incongruous with Star-fumbling; and *Railing* and *Lying* were the Two supporters of *Astrology*.

This malicious sort of Treatment from his predicting Brother Philomath, so animated the Defendant, that he could not forbear flinging off all Modesty and Patience, resolving to contend with his new Enemy at his own Weapon, Scurrility; and give him a true Taste in return of his Complements, of those stabbing Abuses which none but the worst of Men could give, or the best of Christians pass by without Notice: Accordingly he arms his *Ephemeris* with such a Justification of himself, and whetting his Ill-nature upon the very Grindstone of Revenge, chew'd his Words, as spiteful Enemies do their Bullets, till he he'd made 'em so very rough and Ragged, that wherever they entred they made the Wound incurable. The Defendant having the best end of the Staff, and being vex'd, exercising his Weapon with more Cunning and Dexterity, so mauld his Opponent, that 'tis thought, had he had any in his Skull, he would have knock'd his Brains out. Being thus so hard set, he was forc'd to a very dishonourable retreat, in so much that he began to consider his Money was a better security than his Wits; and the Law a much better refuge under this Defeat, than *Ptolomy* or *Copernicus*; accordingly commences a Suit with his Antagonist, by Arresting him in an Action of Scandal, laying his Damages five Hundred Pounds, for the loss of a *Good-Name*, which he never enjoyed.

The Day being appointed for Tryal, amongst the rest of the Fools, my curiosity must needs lead me to hear the matter determin'd; when I came into the Hall, all the fortune-telling Wise-acres in the Town, both Male and Female, were drawn in a cluster from all the By-Allies in *More-fields*, *White-chappel*, *Salisbury-Court*, *Water-lane*, *Fleet-street*, and *Westminster*; who, I perceive, notwithstanding their Skill in Conjuraton, by which they pretended to tell Fools their Fortune, and help the Credulous ignorant to lost Spoons, Thimbles, and Bodkins, yet could not by their Art foresee which of the two contending *Plannet-Peepers* were most likely to obtain the Victory.

Several great Counsel were Fee'd on both sides for the Tryal, looking upon the ordinary means which other People use, as the best security in such Cases, to be much more safe than a dependance on the Stars, to discover by their aspects what should be the Issue of the great difference between 'em. Several of the Council were Conning over the Almanacks, wherein they had set forth the Vertues and Merits of each other, to such
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an admirable Perfection, that I perceiv'd by the Looks of the Lawyers, they were so affected with the Cause, that I believe, had it been try'd, it would have given the Court as much Diversion as the Ridiculousness of a Foolish Contention, or the Banter of the Council could have possibly afforded. Publick Notice of the Tryal having been given in the *Post-Boy*, great Numbers of Well-wishers to the Mathematicks had recourse to the Hall, in order to give Attention; that there was much more staring at the *Conjurers* as they Walk'd, then there was at the *Two Giants* as they stood; which sufficiently shows the former are the greater *Monsters* in the Eyes of the People: But as 'tis common for Astrologers to make Fooles of that part of the World that will give them any opportunity, so indeed they serv'd us, who came with an expectancy to hear them made Fooles themselves in a Publick Court, who had made so many in a Kingdom. But a little before the Cause was to be call'd on, I suppose thro' the Prudence of some Friend or other, who was willing to prevent their being further expos'd, they were advis'd to Endeavour at some agreement. Whereupon some Terms of Accommodation being propos'd, they stop'd the Tryal, and adjourn'd to a Neighbouring Tavern to the great Disapointment of the Court, as well as Company.

I being curious to know what end they made of the Matter, follow'd into the same Tavern, and took up my sitting in the Publick Kitchen where I had been but a little time, before a parcel of approv'd Students in Physick and Astrology came in, whose Looks were as Legible to a Man of Common Reason, as the Neck Verse is to the Ordinary of *Newgate*; for by Contracting their Faces into Ill-Looks, to render themselves more terrible to Silly Wenches, and such sort of Ignorant Creatures, who give Credit to their Delusions, they had by Time and Practice fram'd such a Diabolical Air in their Crabbed Physiognomies, that no body can well guess 'em any thing but *Conjurers* by their Countenances. As 'tis generally observable, when several of the same Profession are in Company together, the main Topick of their Discourse must be something relating to their own Art, Trade, or Mystery; for most People take a Pleasure in Talking of what Business they are most Conversant with; so it Prov'd by these the Deceivers of Humane Ignorance, who were standing up very highly for their Art, and what wonderful things might be, as well as had been done, therein.

A Gentleman sitting next 'em in the Kitchen, who I suppose had but a very slender Opinion of these *Egyptian* kind of Juglers, took upon him now and then to slip in a Word amongst 'em, that so puzzled the matter in hand, that the whole knot of Wizardly *Cacodemons* were almost Dumb-founded. Yet they would peremptorily assert that things might infallibly be foretold by the Stars: and that the incredulity of those Persons who oppos'd Judicial Astrology, proceeded only from their Ignorance; and if they would but study it as much as they have done, they would be thoroughly convinc'd, that a certain foresight of things to come might be read in the great Library of the Heavens, as certainly, as the change of Weather might be fore-told by a Weather-Glass

Glass. Upon which the Gentleman, having seen 'em in the Hall, surpriz'd 'em with this following Question, *viz.* Pray, says he, *Do you think it possible by the Art of Astrology to tell me if I am Robb'd, what's become of the Thief?* Yes, answers one, *We can, and direct you by our knowledge in the Stars, which way you shall find him.* I am very well satisfi'd now, reply'd the Gentleman, *You must either be a Pack of Deceitful Knaves, or a parcel of very Silly Fools; for if you are able to tell me, by Consulting your Planetary Friends, what sort of a Man hath done me wrong, and which way I shall find him, when he's fled from Justice; What's the Reason you cannot discover such Persons which the Government have truly describ'd ready to your Hands, and have given you the Advantage of their Names too, with an Assurance sometimes of Five Hundred, sometimes a Thousand Pounds Reward, for the great Service you would do the Nation to apprehend such Persons, which every good Subject ought to be Industrious to find out and bring to Justice; therefore 'tis plain, if you will pretend to make a Serviceable Discovery to an Ignorant Subject for half a Crown, and may have a Thousand Pound to serve the Government with the same Facility: Tis a great Argument you are Juggling Knaves, to undertake the former, and Couzen People of their Money, or else that you are Errant Fools to neglect the latter, wherein your Recompence may be eight Thousand times as great, for very little more than the same Trouble; for between Half a Crown and a Thousand Pound, there is just the same Disproportion.*

This put all the Star-Gazers to a great Non-plus for an answer; which the Gentleman observing, took a further advantage of their Weakness, and apply'd himself to 'em again, after this manner, *I suppose, Gentlemen, says he, You are Waiting here in order to hear by and by, how the Cause will go between the two famous Conjuring Antagonists.* No Sir, says one, *I find you are no Astrologer by your guess; the Tryal is put off by Consent till next Sitting, in order to an Accommodation: But I suppose, Sir, reply'd the Gentleman, You came with an expectancy of hearing it Debated this very Day?* Yes, Sir, says one of them, *We did so: Why then, Sir, says the Gentleman, You Astrologers may be out of your guess, as well as other People, or else why could you not foresee by your Art how the Cause will go, or if you came to day to hear it determin'd, you'd be all made Fools on.* Because, says one, *We took the Report as a granted Truth, and never Consulted the Stars at all about the matter: Truly, reply'd the Gentleman, If you had, I believe you would have found your selves as much the Wiser, as he that Consults Cornelius Agrippa, about raising a Homunculus; and so farewell to you.*

When he had made his Exit; my Sober Reflection on what he had said, whilst I was seriously wasting a Pint of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco, drew these following Lines into my Head; which being applicable to the matter in hand, I have given to the Reader.

*Little their Learning, less their Sence,
Who put in Stars such Confidence,
As think those Senseless Bodies can
Govern the Life and Fate of Man.*

How can we boast our state is free,
 If under such Necessity?
 That Beings quite inanimate,
 The will of Man shou'd actuate;
 And unlearn'd Dunces should foretell,
 Who shall do ill, or who do well;
 Predict our Fortunes, when 'tis known
 The Jugler ne'er could tell his own.
 If they such mighty things could do,
 As prove their blind Conjectures true,
 And make it manifest in Print,
 Wise-men might think there's something in't.
 Instead of that, their Prophecies,
 To one true word, have Twenty Lyes;
 And what by guess they do foretell,
 Each Prudent Man foresees as well.

For Fools to think the Sun, or Moon,
 Can help 'em to a stolen Spoon,
 Or that to ease the Losers Grief,
 The Planets will declare the Thief;
 The Novice may as well believe,
 The Scissars turning with the Sieve,
 As pin their Faith on Conjurers Deams,
 Of Planets, Houses, and their Schemes;
 Which the Fox seems to put in use,
 Only to colour his abuse,
 And keep the Clyents thoughts in Play,
 Till he has study'd what to say;
 And tho' an Art he does profess,
 Yet chiefly what he says is Guess,
 By which he does Fools Pockets pick,
 Who think him Cunning as Old-Nick.
 The Truth he tells 'em is no more,
 Than what he sifts from them before;
 Who Aw'd by his affected Look,
 And Scrawles within his Conjuring Book,
 Forget the insight they have gi'n-him,
 And think at last the Devil's in him.

A Wag that had sustain'd a Loss,
 And coming to a Wizards House,
 Some nasty Sloven, or else Slut,
 Had at his Threshold eas'd a Gut;
 The Conjurer coming to the Door,
 In mighty passion Curs'd and Swore,
 That if he knew who 'twas had laid it,
 He'd make 'em Rue the Day they did it;
 Nay, says the Man, if you've no way,
 To tell who did your Door bewray,

I'll e'en again put up my Purse,
 For you can't help me to my Horse.
*Would all like him consider right,
 They'd bid Astrology good Night.*

The Referree's, for want of an Umpire, which the Plaintiff would not admit of, could bring the matter to no manner of Conclusion, so that the accommodation propos'd was quite render'd ineffectual; and the next Sitting, in favour of their being Astrologers, their Cause was call'd on by the Court, about Eleven a Clock at Night, when the Moon and Stars were in their greatest Glory, and bore domination in *Sol's* absence, within our Horrison; both Parties put great Confidence in the present position of the Heavens; and according to the Astrological Judgment, they had both made of the Stars, neither could find pointing towards 'em, such an evil Direction, but that each had equal hopes from the propitious Aspects of the Planets, of overcoming his Adversary, but could not thorowly determine, by the surest Rules of their Art, who should have the best on't; one trusted so very much in the Stars, that his Friend had much ado, to perswade him to Fee Council, which occasion'd some of the Wizardly Fraternity, to conjecture that he expected the Planets should have pleaded for him. The Plaintiff erecting a Scheme a little before Tryal, found by the position of the Heavens the Judge would be the Lord Ascendant, in this matter, and that the Jury were the Twelve Signs, towards which the Planets of the Law, the Council, were to direct their influence, and accordingly took care to prudently secure, by the interests of *Sol*, the very *Mars* and *Mercury* of the Laws, to give his Cause their assistance, whilst the *Defendant* had engag'd none but *Saturn* on his part, to bid Defiance to his Adversary.

All things being put in as good Order as they were able; the Verbal Engagement, was begun so strenuously, on the *Plaintiffs* behalf, who according to the Custom of such like Wars, always makes the first onset, that a stander-by might have easily foreseen, who would gain the Victory, without the Rules of Astrology. The Nimble Weapons of Offence and Defence, being almost tir'd with long pleading, in many foregoing Causes, made not half the Pastime the Audience expected; who were apprehensive of hearing the two Conjurers bandy'd about the Court from one to another, by their Bantring Advocates, and that they had chose to make the weighty difference of their wrangling Clients but the Court's diversion, which the lateness of the Night, and the weariness of the Council, it was suppos'd prevented, to the great disappointment of many young Students, as well as old Practicers in the Noble Art of Pump and Wheedle, to which in this capacious Town there are of both Sexes an abundance of not only Pretenders, but real Artists; in half an hours time, from the beginning of the debate, the the business without much trouble was brought to a determination; the Plaintiff, however his Stars favour'd him, obtaining a Verdict, the com-
 passionate

passionate Jury not knowing but some time or other it may be their own Case; giving him Five Pound damage for the great Abuses he had very honestly deserv'd by a just Provocation.

The decision of this Controversie prov'd very unlucky to both Enemies, for they were neither of them well satisfied with the Justice done both Parties, the *Plaintiff* being very angry his damage was no more, and the *Defendant* very much displeas'd they had given him so much; so that the Jury would have had a very hard Task to have pleas'd both, since they were so unfortunate in their Concurrence they could content neither.

*When Conjurers their Purses draw,
And like two Blockheads go to Law;
They show by such Expensive Wars,
There's little Wisdome in the Stars;
And that they Act, who know the Heavens,
Like us, by Sixes and by Sevens;
For if one Wizard had foreseen,
The other should the Battel win,
He'd cry'd Pecavi, and not come,
Before a Judge to know his Doom;
I think from thence the World may see,
They know by th' Stars no more than we.*



F I N I S.

Ecclesia & Factio.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Bow-Steeple Dragon,

AND THE

Exchange Grasshopper.

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1698.